

## GENERAL.

A man in New York deliberately committed suicide in a hotel by blowing out the gas and going to bed.

San Francisco men were interested recently in the sight of a huge whale spouting water far out in San Francisco Bay.

The sale of cigarettes is on the decrease. The boys are taking to the corn-cob pipe of their daddies.—*New Haven Register.*

Mississippi passed a law to tax superfluous dogs \$2 a head, and now she can't find a man who won't swear he needs all the dogs he has.

An old man in Hampton, Me., is said to have a trunk (size of trunk not stated) filled with silver dollars, which he saved up years ago, most of them being dated between 1803 and 1831.

In Derby, Conn., a few days since, George Woodruff, age fifteen, bent over to watch the motion of a grain-cradle swung by his father's hired man, when the blade struck him in the throat, cutting the jugular vein. Death ensued almost instantly.

The Magnolia (Ark.) Banner says: "There is a well in Dr. Wallace's yard, in Atlanta, so says Col. Jeff, the waters of which are perfectly calm and undisturbed during dry weather, but when wet weather is imminent the water is in great commotion, and sounds issue from the same similar to those emitted from a steam-engine when steam is up."

Poor puss seems to have few friends. Not content with hurling bootjacks and footwear at the harmless, necessary cat, the mean feline is made that she sometimes communicates diphtheria and scarlet fever to the family that feeds her. If this atrocious libel becomes to be generally believed, pussy, with all nine of her lives, won't have a ghost of a chance of living.—*Detroit Post.*

Probably one of the best illuminated thoroughfares in the world is the Bowery, New York, between Chatham Square and Fourth street, at about 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening. Almost every occupant of premises endeavors to attract attention to his wares by a liberal display of electric light, and to one traveling on the street cars the effect, as a whole, is one of startling brilliancy.

David Phillips, aged ten, residing at Cleveland, O., was drowned the other day in a singular manner. He had gone with a picnic party to Col's summer resort, on the shore of the lake. A little stream running through the grounds to the lake had been dammed up temporarily. The boy was wading in the bed of the stream between the dam and the lake, when some workmen broke the dam. The rush of water carried the boy into the lake and drowned him.

A gentleman at Derby, near Buffalo, N. Y., has a yearling heifer which helps herself to water by moving the pump-handle up and down with her head and horns. While she will work away until she satisfies herself, when thirsty, she will not pump for the remainder of the herd. If an animal she can not master comes to drink, she demurely walks away and chews her cud until the coast is clear, when she will go back and pump until she gets water enough for herself.

Mrs. Ramsbotham is the English cousin and counterpart of our American Mrs. Partington. Mrs. R.'s latest is reported in *London Punch*. "My brother-in-law," she says, "came back from the Derby so sunburnt and red that he reminded me of Julius Caesar after he had crossed the Rubicon." What an age and memory the old lady must have! Perhaps she might tell us something of that little affair in the Senate between Gen. Cesar and Police Commissioner Brutus.—*N. Y. Independent.*

There are thousands of black, tar-like springs running out of the ground all the way from fifteen miles out in the ocean off the Santa Barbara coast to the border of San Bernardino County, California. On Santa Paula Creek, at the mouth of Scott canyon, parties about fifteen years ago had a refinery, and, after taking out the illuminating oil, they ran out the remainder into a pit and burned it, not dreaming that they were destroying the finest lubricating oil known.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Guy Stafford, a lunatic, cunningly escaped from the Buffalo (N. Y.) State Asylum for the Insane recently. By means of a somewhat worn spoon that had been left in his cell he took out the screws which held the iron grating over the window, and then he let himself down to the ground with ropes made from the sheets of his cot. The man occupied a room on the second floor of one of the rear buildings. He was only partially dressed when the escape was made. There was no difficulty in getting away from the asylum grounds when he was once out of the building, for there are no inclosures.

The Sunday question has become somewhat entangled at New Haven. A Hebrew proprietor of a cigar store closes his store on Saturday, which is his Sabbath, and claims that he has a right to keep it open on Sunday. His claim is conceded. Thereupon comes another Hebrew, who keeps a saloon, and, on the great principle of religious liberty, demands the right to ply his trade on Sunday. But as the law prohibiting the opening of saloons on Sunday is enforced in Connecticut, his demand is denied, and he will be obliged to contest the constitutionality of the law in the courts, or sell liquors on Saturday, or keep closed shop two days in the week.—*New Haven Register.*

James Orr, a short, stout, and shabbily-dressed man, was arraigned in Philadelphia, the other day, on charge of neglecting his two children, a boy of eleven years and a girl of nine. Both children were begrimed with dirt and almost naked. The boy stated that his father was a carter and spent his earnings for liquor. The man was seldom home, and when there he makes his presence known by brutally whipping the children with a heavy strap or beating them with a club. On leaving the house in the morning he would look the children in the cellar with two dogs, and on his return give them a crust of bread, sometimes nothing. Recently the children burrowed their way out of the damp dungeon, and the neighbors were horrified to see them eating from a garbage barrel in the alley, and throwing pieces of the decomposed food to their canine companions.—*Chicago Times.*

## HOME AND FARM.

A correspondent of the *Western Farmer* kills "millions of weeds" in the cornfield by harrowing twice; the first time a couple of days after planting, and again about a week later.

Of the 42,000,000 sheep in the United States, it is estimated that fully three-fifths are of fine-wool lineage, mostly Merinos. In long wools and medium wools the great English mutton breeds lead the world.

According to correspondence of the *Farmer's Advocate*, stock readily acquire a taste for prickly cactus, if it is given before they get a bite of fresh grass; pigs are very fond of it; if fed to such cows the butter will have "rather a pink color," but it does not affect the taste.

Graham cookies are good at lunch with a cup of tea. Take two cups of sugar, one cup of sour cream, half a teaspoonful of soda; mix quickly; roll rather thin, and bake in a moderate oven. Possibly the inexperienced cook needs to be told that Graham flour must be cooked longer than wheat flour.—*Chicago Journal.*

Gooseberry tarts may take the place of pie as the last course at a plain dinner. Stew the gooseberries till the skins crack and are tender, sweeten them, and when cold pour into little shells of pastry. You can make and bake the tarts while the fruit is stewing, or if you wish to serve them warm, bake all together.—*N. Y. Post.*

To grow strawberry plants in pots, sink small flower pots filled with rich soil under the ends of the runners and hold them there with a stone or weight of any kind. A wire in the shape of a hairpin is as good as anything to pin them down. Soon (in three weeks) the little pots will be filled with roots and the plants may be set in the new beds, by thumbing them out of the pots.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Early apples for home use alone is the lesson from the experience of every year. The practice is now prevailing of storing the fruit for winter in bulk large bins or cribs in precisely the manner of storing potatoes. It is found to keep better than in barrels. Russets, however, are an exception, as they are liable to rot if exposed to the air. Neither is a dry storage cellar now considered desirable. Late experience is proving a damp cellar, with low, even temperature, the best storage-room for keeping fruit.—*Maine Farmer.*

A county agricultural society may offer premiums for the winner of a horse-race to be held on the grounds during the continuance of its annual fair. And an agreement by a county agricultural society to pay a certain sum as premium for the horse winning a race held at its annual fair is not against public policy. And an action may be maintained for such premium by one becoming entitled thereto at such race. Offering a premium is not a bet or wager.—*Deller vs. Plymouth Co. Agricultural Society, Supreme Court, Iowa.*

## Table Poultry.

The chicken question presents an anomalous condition in this country. Wherever we go, North, South, or anywhere, we find farmers, merchants, mechanics, sometimes even sailors, breeding poultry, contending at fairs, advertising through the papers and raising a general hue and cry in behalf of their pet, and all on account of nothing on earth but the feathers. One would think, from all the fuss, that those people were breeding ostriches instead of chickens; that feathers were of more value in the market than flesh; that the American people preferred to wear feathers on their bodies rather than put flesh in their stomachs. Nothing tends to favor this chicken fanciers' except the so-called blooded or thoroughbred fowls that are simply bred to the feather. The size of the Brahma is sacrificed to the correctness of the tail and hackle markings. The Dorking has lost his breast in the struggle to preserve the flesh color of the legs and the uniformity of the feather markings. How far this craze has gone in England we are not informed, but we know some of the best table fowls known to the trade were originated there.

In France not only are breeds of fine table fowls originated, but, according to all reports, they are still bred with an eye singly to table qualities; and, not only this, but methods of feeding to the end of quick maturity, economy of flesh production and perfection of flesh quality are closely practiced and experimented with. The French seem to understand this question as a practical one, and go at it in a way to make fowls not only a pleasure to breed, but a profit to handle. Chicken food that is wasted by the ton in this country, as dead horses, stale bread, etc., is carefully husbanded and turned to the finest kind of chicken flesh in France. Our people are so fearfully squeamish about such things that, while they can stand and see a hen eat worms or carrion at her own sweet will, and chop her head off the next hour to put her in the pot, they will not hear of feeding her carrion as a business. The lady who eats the oyster raw from the shell is horrified at the Italian who does the same with the snail.

It is a wonder to many people why Americans can succeed so well with fancy fowls, and yet meet with repeated and unvarying failure when they attempt to raise fowls for the market. In one they succeed; with the other there seems to be no profit. It looks as though the American character was built upon too large a scale to make a profit with fowls unless he can get from three to ten dollars a piece for his cocks and hens. No one seems to be able to reduce this thing to a purely business basis. It has become our pleasure to examine the equipments of many farms where it was intended to raise poultry on a grand scale, and, generally, from the elaborate and costly fixtures, one would think the purpose was to raise children rather than chickens. It is very much to be doubted if a large establishment can ever be made a success from the start. Just as large oaks from little acorns grow, a large establishment must grow out of a small beginning that has developed a capacity in the owner for conducting a large business. We hope some day to see this, but not until the craze about color markings has somewhat subsided.—*American Dairyman.*

## The Process of Solar Printing.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has adopted a process of copying plans and outlines so simple and yet so effective as to have an important bearing on all the methods of engraving, lithographing, photography, and even drawing as at present conducted. It is known as the "blue print process," and is a sort of easy photography, by means of which a mere child may copy in the most perfect and exact manner any object whatever, the lines of which can be embraced in the dimensions of a large pane of window-glass, for instance. Larger outlines can be copied, but require more care and a little more apparatus.

A piece of pure, untinted paper is taken and made "sensitive" by means of a chemical wash, consisting of 1-4 ounces of red prussiate of potash and 1-8 ounces of citric acid and ammonia, dissolved in 16 ounces of water. This, when applied to the paper in a dark closet by means of a broad cloth-brush, gives a peculiarly rich, glistening, yellow surface. This paper when dry is ready for printing. If at this stage a fern leaf is taken or a few sprays of grass or a feather or any drawing executed on translucent material, such as onion-skin paper, it may be perfectly copied in every minute detail within the space of four or five minutes. The object is simply laid on the paper and a piece of glass put over it to hold it in position and then exposed to the meridian sun. The yellow paper then turns rapidly to a dull blue, then to light gray, whereupon, at the expiration of about three minutes, it is withdrawn. But one thing remains to be done; the sensitive paper is given a bath in pure water, and instantly a perfect copy of the fern leaf, grass, or drawing appears on the blue surface of the paper, in white, as if traced by hand. The philosophy of the process is that the lines of the drawing or the filaments of the grass or fern are opaque, and consequently refuse admittance to the light, which operates upon the open, sensitive spaces, causing them to undergo a chemical change. As utilized by railroads, iron companies, ship-builders and architects and artists, however, in multiplying their many maps and plans and even circular letters, the process becomes a little more complicated. Instead of merely placing the design to be printed over the sensitive sheet and leaving the rest to the light, large glass frames, with wooden lids, are used, inside of which the drawing is placed, and the sensitive paper, or, if a sensitive paper, the frame is then reversed, leaving the plan exposed to the light. A full, bright sun is not absolutely requisite, but a longer time is required for exposure on a cloudy day. There is one photographic firm which uses the electric light entirely and prints by night as well as by day. A step further has been made also in producing a white background with blue lines.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mrs. Mary Foster, an eccentric lady of Greensburg, Pa., died Thursday in the 93rd year of her age. It is related that she had been expecting to die for forty years past, having been an invalid nearly all that time. For about eight years she had been blind, but Wednesday her eyesight returned, and, in the evening she took a walk in the street for the first time in five years. She was quite jubilant over her apparent return of youthful vigor, but shortly after going back to her home she had a stroke of paralysis, which resulted in her death. A number of years ago Mrs. Foster had her grave dug, cemented, and made ready to receive her remains, supervising all the preparations herself.—*Chicago Tribune.*

In a certain cemetery is a curious trio of graves—those of a man and his two wives. On the gravestone to the right was carved a hand pointing to the center, with the inscription: "He was mine." The stone to the left had also a hand directed toward the middle mound, with the words: "He was mine also." In the middle lay the remains of the "lord" himself, and upon the headstone were carved two hands, reaching in either direction as if to clasp the other two. Above them were the significant words: "They were both mine."—*Boston Post.*

An old and obsolete custom was recently revived in Paris, when three murderers were taken from their cells to the scene of the assassination of which they were guilty, and there made to re-enact, with the agency of an effigy, the details of their crime.

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 8, 1892.		
CATTLE—Exports.....	\$13.00	\$15.00
COTTON—Middling.....	13 1/2	13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 15	1 16
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	1 15	1 16
CORN—No. 2.....	63	63
OATS—Western.....	63	70
POKE—Standard.....	21.00	21.75
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling.....	12 1/2	12 1/2
BEEVES—Exports.....	7.25	7.40
Fair to Good.....	5.00	6.00
Native Cows.....	4.00	4.00
Native Steers.....	3.00	5.50
HOGS—Common to Select.....	7.00	8.63
SHEEP—XXX to Choice.....	4.00	4.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter.....	4.00	5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Choice.....	4.00	5.00
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	75	77
OATS—No. 2.....	47	49
POKE—Standard.....	21.00	21.75
TOBACCO—Dark Large.....	5.00	5.75
Medium Dark Leaf.....	7.50	8.50
Light Leaf.....	10.00	11.00
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	22.00	23.00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy.....	20	21
EGGS—Choice.....	12	13
POKE—Standard.....	21.00	21.75
BACON—Clear Rib.....	13 1/2	14
LARD—Prime Steam.....	13	14 1/2
Wool—Washed.....	23	25
Unwashed.....	23	25
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Exports.....	7.25	8.50
HOGS—Good to choice.....	4.00	5.00
FLOUR—Winter.....	6.00	7.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	1.14	1.15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1.02	1.03
CORN—No. 2.....	52	53
OATS—No. 2.....	52	53
POKE—Standard.....	20.00	21.00
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	4.00	5.30
HOGS—Sales at.....	7.00	8.00
WHEAT—No. 2.....	85	86
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	85	86
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	72	73
CORN—No. 2.....	57	58
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grade.....	5.25	6.00
CORN—White.....	1.07	1.10
OATS—Choice.....	.50	.52
WHEAT—No. 2.....	28.00	29.00
POKE—Mess.....	21.75	22.00
BACON—Clear Rib.....	14	14 1/2
COTTON—Middling.....	12 1/2	12 1/2

## The Opinion of a Physician.

A physician writing of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, having carefully analyzed its ingredients, says: "I feel enthusiastic over this great health restorer. There can be no other remedy so harmless and yet so effective. No other possible combination of drugs will more rapidly assist nature in hastening the cure of general ill-health. In chronic diseases of the lungs, liver and kidneys and nervous system it is especially beneficial. In its composition I found it very pleasant to find Iron, Celery and Juniper combined with the Sarsaparilla and Yellow Dock. Iron of itself is seldom beneficial, but in connection with such healthy vegetable tonics its effects will at all times have a tendency to promote health and strength."

"What's the man telling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the youngster, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

Mr. M. A. COONS, of Ripley, O., writes: "I have been taking Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla for impure blood, weak kidneys and liver complaint. I found it very effective. What pleased me was its mildness. When I left off taking it there was no craving for its further use, nor was there any reaction with such weak nervous systems as mine. I think a great deal of the medicine and recommend it strongly."

At a family party the company was so large that two boys had to wait at supper. When the meal had long been over and the elder folks still sat at the table, the younger ones were sent to the kitchen. One of the boys—his name was never given—was seen crouching on the doorstep outside the supper room and was asked: "Where is Father?" "I don't know," replied the boy, "but he's somewhere in the yard." "Where pray?" the Lord for his supper?"—*Ellenore Journal.*

"I Don't Want That Stuff!" Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At first she refused to take it, but when he persisted with her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and was so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

"H'm!" ejaculated Fogg. "So they say this play is taken from life! I should say rather that the life is taken from the play."—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Progress. As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, druggistic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky ingredients, have been quickly abandoned. The introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

OSCAR WILDE has been taken for an Indiana herb doctor 100 times in the last three months.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Tennyson's "May Queen." Who knew that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day? "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

HAVING a thermometer in the coolest place in the yard to ascertain how hot it is, is one of the paradoxes of civilization.—*New Haven Register.*

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

THREE members of a brass band in Illinois were practicing in a hotel struck by lightning, and never knew that anything unusual was going on.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Necessity is the mother of invention." Diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels are cured by the sovereign remedy, Kidney-Wort, which is nature's normal cure for all those dire complaints. In either liquid or solid form it is a perfect remedy for those terrible diseases that cause so many deaths.

It was a Detroit girl who wanted to marry at fifteen, so as to have her golden wedding hurry up the fastest.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Personal. THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for three days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. No return necessary. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

The young skipper who takes a party of girls out sailing should content himself with hugging the shore.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as the Diamond Dyes. For carpet rays, better and cheaper than any other dye-stuffs."

That "the living skeleton is dead" seems strange enough; but the news was announced that way in New York.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

ETERNAL fitness was never more appropriately illustrated than in the epithetous name of the German pianist, Hammerstein.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

THE Indians of Brazil manufacture a kind of whisky—and a most awful mean kind, too, from the roots of a certain vine. Must be the original "lickerish root."

"BUCHU-PALM." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. at Druggists.

A black washerwoman will do in the city, but in the country the girls always want a white lawn-dress.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters expels the bile, cures indigestion, and gives certainty and promptness than any known remedy. It is a most generous, invigorant, appetizer and aid to secretion. These are not empty assertions, but the facts of thousands of our countrymen and women who have experienced its effects are evidence. The Bitters also give a healthy stimulus to the urinary organs. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

\$68 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and conditions free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

A SURE CURE for Eruptions or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. KUTZ, 344 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

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FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and ACUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear testimony to the truth of the assertion that no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the original JOHN B. SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, of Louisville, Ky. Examine well the label on each bottle. If my private stamp is not on each bottle do not purchase, or you will be deceived.

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Merchant's GARGLE LINIMENT

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y. U. S. A., 1856, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLE LINIMENT. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal.

It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper, usually is for human use, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal